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A Decidedly Minor Canyon

He/I see that you got snookered too.

She/It's...interesting. Wild at least--a little anyway.

He/The signs promised so much more.

She/That's what signs do. Why would that surprise? It is, at any rate, a decidedly minor canyon.

He/Do you have a name? First name?

She/That's a question, uh, well...though not exactly stupid, is...

He/Awkward. I know. Embarrassing. To both of us. I'm trying to break the ice, of course. You'd have to help.

She/Not necessarily.

He/It's a way to nudge things, be a trifle more than strangers. In the few minutes we'll have here. You can send ice back to me. I can't control that.

She/They might miss us in the group, Stranger.

He/No danger of that. He's just saying the same things anyway, the things he splotched all over those promissary signs up and down the highway.

She/Crude but effective--we both drove in. Boredom creates more assholes than anything else, I suppose. I am well brought-up,

and thus shouldn't say asshole to you.

He/Crude, huh? Is that what you prefer?

She/I guess I couldn't talk at all without striking some note you thirsted for. Has the really silly probing started? What's the difference what I prefer. In what for example? In books?

He/In what you think I mean. Or are you afraid?

She/No. I can see too too clearly what you're driving at. And I'm not about to discuss present tense, or you. But, since you have asked: I'd prefer a man! Not some pitiful creature who has learned behavior from television and movies, and therefore resonates the vomit of the mass culture--thinking it, as well as he, profound--and who is either sleazily hinting or bluntly disgusting! What infantile mind he once had corroded by sexual fantasy. And one, too, who nurtures and loves and respects both the woman and the man inside him. A real man. Neither an empty macho poseur nor a pallid wimp--if you really want to know--though I do admire the way you play both roles simultaneously. And I'm definitely definitely not interested in what you prefer, so don't even start. Nor in you. It goes without saying. Or should.

He/That was a lot to say to a stranger. I appreciate the hateful investment. I prefer you.

She/Oh yeah! Of course you do. I guess that if you've given up on all pride in yourself, you'll say anything.

He/Listen! uh...

She/Don't even go on! I've listened! too much in the past. I neither want to have coffee with you, and listen! nor attempt to dissect your obvious wound--after listening!

He/It isn't what I was going to suggest.

She/Oh well, some clone of it. All of it double underlined by false and phoney d-RAMA!

He/You're tough. Or impatient.

She/That little red Escort is mine. If you want to see my dust, then...

He/Please. I...really...I...

She/Ooooo! Oooooowooooo! Time to squeeze out a little boy tear, is it? How about the watch, the wy-utch your mommy-wommy done give you on her death bed. Time to give that to me is it? And what else can you pluck out of your little baby blue boy's magic kit?I mean to appeal to the maternal in me.

He/Don't think much of men.

She/You've noticed! Funny how you at first think someone is grossly insensitive, and then they just...why golly gee whiz they just...

He/And you expect me to say how I'm different. I'm not. I've tried to love, sacrifice even, and I've been a pig too. So I guess I'm the man you hated.

She/Hate. How honest! You're...

He/Trying to be.

She/Yeah, well once you can fake that you've got everything, haven't you?

He/Our, uh, pal over there can surely drone: Indians who lived here...animals they worshipped.

She/With our ten holy bucks in his pocket he should shoot up to another octave.

He/At any rate, I do believe in opportunity, seizing the moment. Working out your fear. Even cherishing the moment for what it might offer.

She/I'll bet you do.

He/Especially when it's the only thing. With puke all around. Here with this silly mini canyon, back there in life.

She/I don't read you. Don't wish to. The book's too old and the plot too shittily familiar.

He/That little red barn...?

She/Grandly named the Reception Center!

He/The grass is soft and sunny on the other side.

She/A fact like any other.

He/Breeze from off the river..smells delicious, just del....

She/Facts. Again. The nature trip is another old hat.

He/Please walk over there with me, away from their eyes and ears.

She/But not your baloney.

He/And we'll make love. Create it. Have our few moments to soothe the pain. And walk away.

She/Just? Like? That?

He/Do our very very best to wring out whatever is left of sweetness in each of us. Bathe that raw spot in our...souls.

She/I'm sailing an empty vessel, kid. Why don't you go just pant elsewhere? And let me stop you before you affect hurt eyes!

The pseudoromantic is the complete psychopath! Well, none of the seedy little manipulative tricks work with me. Even you should notice that.

He/What will?

She/Hmmm. I like the question. Why do I like that question? I like questions full of hope. By their very nature, they're not answerable. Oh? Pretty silent, huh? I'm genuinely surprised.

No more arrows in your skinny quiver? How 'bout one or two of your LISTENS? Tell me again about w-Ringing-g-g-g out all the sweet-tee-ness.... Or is that winging it? Or, the least likely, I know, slinging it? And that raw spot of soul, little little man, is what makes me me. I want it!

He/Just...what I've said already, and with no names and numbers exchanged and no false promises to keep in touch.

She/Too bad. Hallmark will lose out. So! Boom! And it's over! Wow, Mr Rogers! Merely grinding up the heart and soul, again for nothing. Watching Life sneer, and spit me out again. And then to...drive away blankly...dead...watch my dead eyes in

the jiggling mirror, my face soaked with tears for miles and miles and miles and miles.

He/I hope not because...

She/And you will drive away very nearly feeling that dull space where your heart used to be. Maybe even wondering about what authentic people could actually be like. Sorry, but our existence simply cannot be that stupid and useless. Whooops! Please excuse the laughter. It comes from out of life. From absurdity. From doing absurd things. From missing the vital train and then finding myself immersed in shit, surrounded by shit. And shits!

He/There's a something left inside of you that isn't funny...and I'll say *ouch* later for that last...detonation.

She/Could be, some sort of something left. But I'm not the subject. It! is the subject. It! Or, in other words, you just want to fuck, yes? Want me to be the bum you are?

He/ Ouch! You finally may have gotten there.

She/And not wring out any precious sweetness, nor pour your shattered little life into mine, thereby saving and restoring both of us as the angels sing a mighty chord! Just. Fuck. And I'm the convenient hole. Barnyard.

He/There's a better part of me, or was I guess, but, right.

She/Well, you've should've said so.

He/I get it: I've waited too long, is that it? Uh huh.

She/A little.

He/Oh well then...uh...

She/Not enough to worry about.